

*B. R. Landon.*

VOL. XIV.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 9.

# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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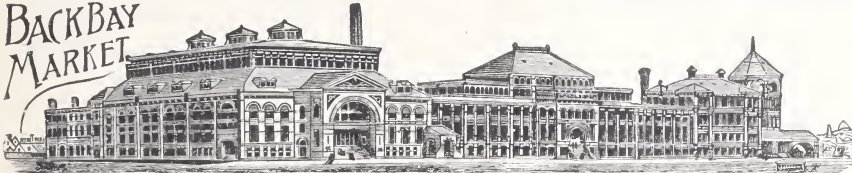
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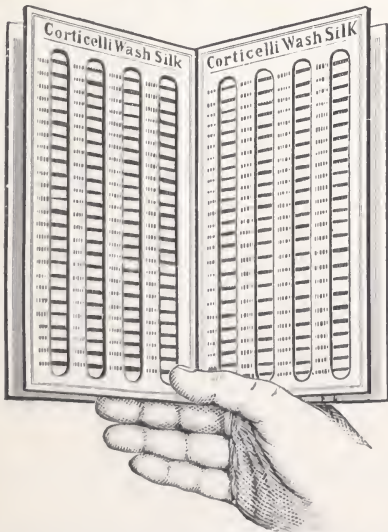
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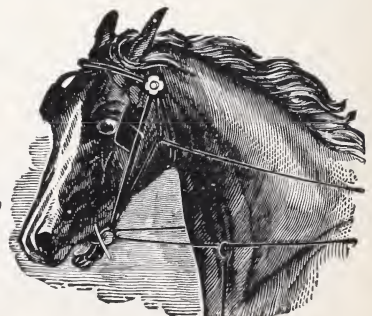
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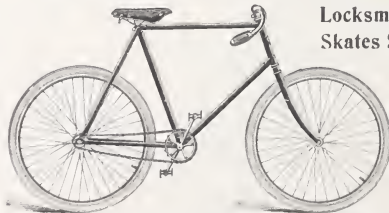
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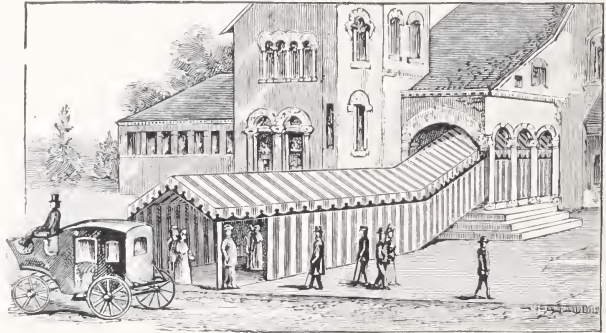
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STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

# Latin School Register

VOL. XIV.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1895.

No. 9.

## A Florentine Mosaic.

ONE summer, when I was in southern Italy, I made the acquaintance of an old gentleman who was going home to Florence. As I was also bound to the same destination, and as our friendship grew rapidly, and especially as he was an American by birth, he kindly invited me to make his home my residence during my stay in that beautiful city. He was a retiring man, unmarried, fond of antiquities and romance; and he lived in an old house in Florence, with one servant. His time was spent in leisurely rummaging about in the ancient quarters of the city. During these raids he had collected some valuable manuscripts and mouldy documents, which he greatly prized. His life was lonesome in spite of his natural shyness; and I think he was glad to have a young man from his native country bring into his monotonous existence some of that sunshine and life that always accompanies youth. So I spent a very happy week with my friend in Florence.

His house was, to me, the most interesting thing in the city. It was exceedingly old, built somewhere about the fourteenth century, and had been gradually torn away until it was reduced to one-fourth its original size. What was left was all hemmed in and almost smothered, as it were, by new buildings, little shops, stores, shanties, etc. It faced on a side street, hardly worthy of the name "street," a blind alley. The house had the same stone front that had originally looked out upon a street of the fifteen hundreds. A heavy door admitted one to a small vestibule, which opened upon a dark hall. From this hall led the kitchen and store-rooms; and the only window opening on the street was an iron barred one, which lighted the wine-cellar. All

the living rooms were on the second floor. At the head of the stone stairs was a good sized hall, which was the daily sitting room. It was walled with wooden panels, and the ceiling was of huge smoke-stained beams. Oriel windows along one side admitted light, which was dimly mirrored in the wooden floor. The whole room was ancient. To enter it was to step from now into the fourteenth century. My host had had a modern fireplace put in, else his abode would have been damper and colder than the Mamertine prison. Beside this hall were two bedrooms and a rear hall, where a staircase led one down to the kitchen. But, best of all, there was a little cloistered garden behind. It was hardly fifteen feet across. Around it was a narrow pillared walk. Above the arches, on one side, were the hall windows. The other three sides were shut in by windowless brick walls—one of a hotel, one of a factory of some sort. High above was the great factory chimney, belching out its smoke to the blue sky. It seemed almost as if all the modern buildings had cornered a bit of the middle ages and bottled it up where none could see it or even be cognizant of its existence. For there was no access to this little square save through my host's house.

How I thanked my stars that modern improvement had not seized this corner of sentiment and poetry. It was in such a romantic spot that I made my stay in Florence.

One rainy day, as I sat in the hall, looking out on the fresh green of the garden patch, my friend took up my volume of Irving's "Tales of a Traveler," which I had taken with me on my Italian tour. His eye fell upon the charming story of the "Young Italian," and he settled down in his chair,

pushed aside the table where the remains of our simple meals were left, and read the story through.

In reply to his expression of approval as he read the last page, I asked him if he knew of no romance to tell me.

My question remained unanswered for some time. Then, at last, he told me the following story, which, he said, he never told to anyone else, and had some embarrassment in telling at all:

"When I came abroad, I had no intention of staying here, whatever; but all my tastes and external circumstances seemed to detain me. By chance, I ran across this medieval hole, found to whom it belonged, and rented it for a short time. It was owned by a large real estate firm, who, being unable to dispose of it, let me have it at very reasonable rates.

"The more I staid, the more I became attached to the place. I know no one, and can retire to myself in this secluded spot, I pay my rent regularly, and live undisturbed among my books, or old manuscripts, and dig a bit in my garden. To speak frankly, I am a hermit,—a hermit in the midst of activity. I can enjoy nothing more than poking about old convents, acquiring curios, and then withdrawing to the sweet solitude of my home life. But change is indispensable; and, my friend, I have you to thank for the most delightful change I have experienced for many years. But to my story.

"I had been living here perhaps a year when I received a strange visitor. He was an elderly man, of poor appearance, but with the natural polish of the Italian race. He seemed strangely at home here; and I found that he had been a servant in the family that had previously occupied the house. Moved with old memories, he told me the pathetic story of the former tenants.

"The family was descended from some Italian grandee, and had dwindled in wealth and numbers, in property and fame, until there was only an old man and his daughter. These two had lived with the servant, the narrator of the tale, in retirement and seclusion. The father was too old to go abroad, and the daughter was wasting away her youth and beauty in attending his imbecile age. The monotony of their existence was broken in the following sentimental manner."

Here my host paused. "I wish," said he, "that you could have heard that old servant tell

it all. He had lived some time in an English family,—many years, in fact, and could speak that language with wonderful fluency and accuracy. He told most of his story in English, but occasionally, overcome with emotion, he would lapse into the melodious Italian which I had learned and love so well. He put in it all the pathos and romance of actuality. He sat where you sit now, telling all freely, with the tears occasionally glistening in his eyes.

"One evening' he told me, 'a poor young fellow came to the door to ask shelter, for it was a very stormy night; and I gave it to him. I tucked him away in a little room, a mere closet, near my own tiny chamber. He was so trustful, confiding, faithful, and good hearted that I could not have turned him away.

"Well, the next day he stayed with me and helped me in the garden, where I was raising some few vegetables. As luck would have it, the master came down for a walk in the sunshine, with his daughter. He made some inquiry about the stranger; and I explained that he was a young fellow whom I had to help me in the garden. As I spoke, I saw the master turn ghastly pale. He trembled and fell to the ground. He was struck with paralysis. My young boy ran to his assistance, picked him gently up in his strong arms and took him to a bench in the sunlight. The agony of the daughter was pitiable to see, and the tearful smiles she bestowed on Guido, as he tenderly propped the old man up and rubbed his cold hands, would have made your heart ache. The master recovered, yes, recovered, but he could not walk! His legs were lifeless. Guido staid for a while to help him, and, as I was busy all day with household duties, finally remained for good. He went with the master always, carried him out every day into the garden, dressed him and put him to bed, and did all that could be done to cheer his last years. And constantly at his side was Beatrice, who watched her father's every movement with anxiety, and filled Guido's simple soul with thanks.

"Poor girl! She knew no one, saw no one but her father and me—and Guido. He was a new being in her life, strong and cheerful, happy and companionable. She was pure and simple, affectionate and trustful. What wonder that they loved? Months were passed in this blissful existence. Should I interfere? Guido wa"



unknown, unnamed. He might be far below Beatrice in rank. But the quality of his heart and soul made his rank high. Poor Beatrice! He was her only friend. Her life was wrapped up in him. Should I interfere?

"My room was below, the same your servant now has, with the window on the cloister. At night, when the moon was high, and my poor master was abed, they would come for a few moments to the garden; and I could see them from the shadow of my room. He would sing to her, or they would talk quietly together, sitting on that little bench. Should I interfere?

"Such was their pure and quiet life, apart from the busy bustle of civilization.

"But the terrible, O the burning, O the fatal fever! The master was taken first. He died. Beatrice, faithful to the end, tended her father through his illness and caught the infection herself. In three days she was numbered among the numberless souls that perished in the city. So young! So beautiful! And the horrible cart of death took her as it had her father and all the rest to the ghastly trenches on the mountain side, where she was lain and the cold earth covered over her. O God! How I felt it! But what was my grief to Guido's? For never was a love deeper, more powerful than his. We can only surmise his sorrow. He seemed stunned. But he resorted not to melancholy pining. He said me farewell, and sought death for himself—no cowardly, dastardly death, but noble! He went to the hospitals, to the convents, and cared for the sick. Thus things went on till the fever passed from Florence. Guido returned, untouched with sickness. Death would not take him, and he was too brave to take death. Merciful Heaven defend me from the heart burnings we two suffered. He did all he could to cheer and comfort me. But he needed the comfort. I was not young. I could stand it. But Guido!

"One night, when we had gone to bed, the moonlight in the court waked me. I looked out. There on a little bench sat a silent figure, wrapped in a cloak, and gazing at the beautiful luminary of the night. 'Twas Guido! His soul was drinking again the sweet cup of his happiness. But the aloe was in the cup, now. He staid for a long time. Then he came in. I saw his face in the clear light, but he could not see me. O, that face! No pain, no anguish, no sorrow! But a smile, so

calm, so peaceful, so holy. My God! I can see it now.

"One night he went; he was gone. I have never seen him since.

"I sold the master's home, and with the money I had a small iron fence put around the green spot on the mountain side and a marble with their names. I go there every year. I have just been there. I came to see the old home again.'

"That was his story," said my host.

"I made him stay with me that night; and, when the moon rose over the little garden, we went out together. As soon as he stepped into the moonlit enclosure, a charm seemed to take possession of him. His eyes dilated, and he moved as one in a dream. So unearthly was his mien that I shuddered for a moment. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and he said softly: 'Read to me, sir. The master and Guido and Beatrice and I used to sit in this garden and read.'

"But,' I remonstrated, 'it is dark, and I have no books here.'

"Oh, sir, read,' he answered with trembling lips. 'I feel the cool wind on my cheek. I see Guido and Beatrice. Read, Master, read.'

"Without exactly knowing what I was doing, I picked up a book which I had carelessly left on the seat. It was an edition of our Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' a present from a distant American friend. The print was so large that, with the assistance of my memory, I could read by the brilliant moonlight. I opened the book at random; and my eye caught one beautiful passage which seemed to fit the occasion so aptly that, slowly and distinctly, so that he might understand, I commenced that beautiful passage:

"Thereupon the priest, her friend, and father confessor,  
Said with a smile, 'O daughter, thy God thus speaketh  
within thee!  
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, re-  
turning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment.'

"The poor man gave a low sob. His head fell upon his bosom. I looked, and saw that he was dead.

"That was his story. I know not what, if any of it was true," said my host, after a pause. "His death was noticed in the Florence papers as that of an 'aged lunatic.' Perhaps he was crazy. But that was his story."

S., '96.

*To the Editor of the "Latin School Register."*

In response to your request that I should contribute some verses to your paper, I send you the following:

#### THE WINDFALLS.

---

Bright, sun-painted apples, round, luscious, and fair,  
Half hid by the branches, swung high in the air.

Like wrecks of the battlefield, scattered around,  
The poor battered windfalls lay thick on the ground.

"Old tree," said the owner, "I climb you no more.  
There's no need of climbing when apples galore

"May be had for the stooping." So downward he bent  
And gathered and stored to his heart's full content.

When the birds and the poachers had carried away  
Their harvest, his own was a mass of decay.

Though fortune may send us her windfalls galore,  
Too often we find them unsound at the core.

And plainly this moral is taught by my rhyming:  
No permanent good can be had without climbing.

—EDWARD P. JACKSON.

# The Adventure with the Gambler.

EVERYBODY has read A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, but here is an adventure the publisher overlooked.

One of the most interesting cases in which I had the good fortune to participate, occurred in the summer of 1889. My wife was at Brighton beach, spending the month of August, and I was boarding with Holmes at the old house on Baker street. Holmes had had very few cases of late and seemed pining away for want of excitement.

It was about 10 o'clock on a warm, sultry evening and Holmes was playing one of those melancholy strains on his violin when I heard the rattle of a rapidly-driven hansom in the street. I rushed to the window in time to see a well-dressed man jump out of the cab and ring our bell. He was admitted by the landlady and I heard him come stumbling up the stairs. Holmes laid aside his violin, and folding his thin, feminine hands awaited the entrance of the occupant of the cab. He rushed into the room without knocking and I recognized in him the owner of a brilliant gambling saloon on Regent street. His name was White and he was supposed to be an American, Holmes motioned him to a chair and he began his story thus: "My name is White as you probably know; well—"

"Excuse me," Holmes interrupted, "but be very careful about details."

"Well," continued the man somewhat annoyed, "There are no details as you will see. This evening a well-dressed young man came into the saloon. He was closely followed by another man about 30."

"Describe the man," said Holmes.

"He was tall, thin, with black side-whiskers and moustache; he had dark eyes, was dressed in a traveling suit and wore a mackintosh."

"Go on," said Holmes, tapping his fingernails together.

"The second man asked the first to have a friendly game and he agreed. I showed them to a room and left them. In about fifteen minutes I heard a pistol shot. I rushed to the room and found the first man shot dead."

"Were you the first to enter the room?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

"The second man had gone; he probably escaped through the window, as the room was on the first floor. I sent a man to Scotland Yard and Jones, the detective, was sent back; he could find no clue and advised me to come for you. Will you come and see the body and room?"

"Certainly," said Holmes, taking down his hat and mine, "You will accompany us, Watson, won't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I should be delighted to."

"The hack is outside and you can drive back in that," said the man.

"Why is it that you are so interested in this case?" asked Holmes.

"Well, you see, if this man is allowed to escape, my business will be practically ruined; no one will enter the house through fear of being shot by this gambler, and I shall lose all my trade."

Holmes did not say a word on the drive but sat with his head bent in deep thought. Twice I attempted to draw him into conversation but without avail.

When we arrived on the scene of the murder everything was in a bustle and a large crowd was outside the door. We elbowed our way through, climbed a flight of stairs and at length came to a room guarded by two constables. We entered and found Athelney Jones bending over a body which had apparently fallen from a chair. He rose to meet us and shook hands with Holmes whom he seemed delighted to see; he even went so far as to shake hands with me, remembering me from the affair of Major Sholto's last winter.

"Well, we must proceed to business," said Jones, "this is a bad affair, a bad affair; you see there is absolutely no clew; this poor, unfortunate man was brought to the gambling-den, a dispute arises, the gambler draws his revolver and shoots this man dead and escapes, very common occurrence you see," said Jones, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"That's the way it seems to me," I said.

"Of course," said Jones. But I was the only listener for, when I turned around. I saw Holmes on the floor bending over the dead man with a tape measure in his hand. He measured the bullet-hole in the man's head and then inspected the cigar ashes lying on the table at the side where the supposed gambler sat.

"Trichnopoly or Indian?" I said.

"Neither," he said without moving.

Jones watched him at his work with open



mouth and astonished eyes; he turned towards me and winked significantly. I knew Holmes too well to suppose that he was acting without reason and I knew that he had some clew. He rose from the floor and examined the cards on the table, then he went to the window sill and examined that carefully with his glass and finally, borrowing a lantern, he went down into the yard where he attentively examined the footprints where the man had jumped. He picked up a piece of paper near the murderer's tracks, then taking the lantern he followed the footprints as far as he could. The ground underneath was laid out for a garden and this fact enabled him to follow them easily; he came to a fence, climbed it, examined the catwire on the top and finally walked up the lane examining the ground. In about five minutes he came back and leaving the lantern downstairs came up into the room. I never saw such a disappointed look on a man's face. Could it be possible that Holmes, the greatest detective of the age, was nonplussed?

"I told you so, I told you so, I knew there was no clew," said Jones.

Sherlock Holmes looked at him sharply then turned toward me and said, "Can you come to Paris for a couple of days, Doctor?" He said this in a very disconsolate tone.

"Certainly," I said surprised "Have you a clew?"

"I have solved it. It is so very, very easy;" this was said in such a disgusted tone that I could hardly prevent myself from laughing.

"I thought," he said, "there would be something interesting in this, but I think it is one of the weakest cases I ever had."

"I don't think it is so very easy, do you, Jones?"

Jones hastily answered, "No, no, most assuredly no."

"Well, Watson, I'm surprised. Will you accompany us to the depot, I will give you some data on this little case."

We both entered the cab and Holmes directed the cabman to drive to the London and Southeastern depot.

"Well, tell us about this affair," I said.

"Don't you really know?"

"No."

"Most assuredly no."

"Well, Jones, to start with, this murdered man is an American from Boston who has been studying art in Paris."

"No!"

"The man who killed him is a smooth-faced Frenchman, tall and thin; he is an artist, has tender hands, wears patent leather shoes, is left handed, smokes Havana cigars, has long legs, does not understand even the rudiments of cards, is no gambler, carries a seven-shot, twenty-two caliber revolver of American make, wears a diamond ring, has gone to Paris and will be found at No. 27 Rue St. Phillippe."

"I don't believe it, I don't believe it; it's a lie! why, it's preposterous, most assuredly so," exclaimed Jones.

"I shall return in three days with my prisoner and as we are at the depot I will bid you a very pleasant *bon soir*. You see I must review my French if I am going to Paris."

We both alighted from the hansom and passed into the depot, leaving Jones fuming and swearing in the cab.

We were just in time to catch the train for Dover and I passed into a first-class compartment, hardly knowing what I was doing.

The train started and we were whirled away at a terrible pace. As soon as we were comfortably seated I opened on Holmes.

"Sherlock, will you kindly go through your process of deduction and show me how you got at your conclusions?"

"Certainly, even before I arrived at the scene I had the affair thought out; it was purely a matter of jealousy."

"Well, but the deduction."

"Well, I knew from the paper which I picked up, and which was, by the way, only an empty envelope with the address, Alphonse Jacot, 27 Rue St. Phillippe, Paris, France, and postmarked Boston, that his name was Jacot and that he lived on St. Phillippe street, and that he was an artist, because St. Phillippe street is a very short street and all the houses are occupied by artists; then knowing him to be a French artist I knew that his moustache and whiskers must be false, as very few French artists wear heavy side whiskers, besides, as he was about to commit a crime, he would not want to be seen by his victim, so he disguised himself. That he was tall I told by his stride, that he was thin I saw by his passing through a hole in the gate at the end of the alley, if he was stout he could never have passed through it as it was only a plank wide and as the gate was nailed he was obliged to go through this hole. That he had tender hands I knew because where he climbed the fence his hand caught on the wire and got scratched because there was a little blood on the wire and if he had had hard, horny hands he never would have scratched them on a little thing like that. That he had patent leather shoes I saw because where he had climbed the fence he scraped off part of the patent (one of Holmes' little jokes), that he was left handed I saw by the way he took his tricks and placed them on the left side of the table and because when he vaulted from the window sill he vaulted on his left hand, and one always vaults on his strongest hand. That he smoked Havana cigars I told by the ashes. That he did not understand even the rudiments of cards I saw by his hand. They were playing euchre. That was strange, gambling is usually done in a game of poker or baccarat; besides, hearts were trumps, and the supposed gambler held the joker, left bower, the king and the ten of hearts and a face card in spades. Now instead of playing the joker and trying to steal a march as he should have done, he leads the king of hearts and his opponent takes it with his right bower. Now

no gambler would have played that way. Another thing, the man was shot with a twenty-two caliber revolver; now that is a very small size, and no gambler would carry such a toy as that. That it was a twenty-two caliber revolver I saw by measuring the bullet hole. That it was an American revolver I saw by the cartridge which was lying on the floor; you see, here it is. It is center-fire, and marked S & W on the rim. Now S & W stands for Smith & Wesson, an American firm. That it was seven shot I proved, because most all twenty-two caliber revolvers are seven shot. That he wore a diamond ring I easily proved because when he opened the window to jump out his ring came in contact with the pane, and sundry scratches near the bottom of the middle pane resulted. The rest I proved from the envelope."

"Well," I said, "if I had had a year to do this in I never could have solved it."

Holmes smiled. "We will be in Dover in five minutes (taking out his heavy gold watch), where we will just catch the boat for Havre. Now we must get a good night's rest, for there'll be work in the morning." Five minutes later the train drew up at Dover, and we got out and went to the boat, and five minutes later we were sound asleep in our staterooms bound for sunny France. I passed a very restless night, but Holmes slept like a top. We arrived at Havre early in the morning and took a train for Paris that arrived just in time for *dejeuner*. After breakfast we both went to the office of Monsieur Dubugue, the famous French detective. Holmes went into a private room and stated the case while I waited outside. In about a quarter of an hour they emerged arm-in-arm, the Frenchman gesticulating wildly. I was introduced, and Mr. Dubugue said he was glad to know a friend of "zee grand Meester Holmes." The Frenchman directed a cabby to take us to St. Phillipe street, and we were whirled away through the French metropolis. The French detective was talking most of the time, but Holmes was very taciturn, and I was afraid that he thought the bird might have flown. He told the cabby to drive faster. We were just turning the corner of a street when a closed carriage dashing toward us caught its wheel in ours, and our cab was upset. Holmes was thrown right into me with terrific force, almost knocking the wind out of my body. The poor Frenchman, who was very slight, was tossed clear out of the vehicle and struck his head on the hub of the other carriage, inflicting a severe wound. Holmes was frantic. After seeing that the Frenchman was not killed, he called another cab which had come to the scene of the catastrophe and we were again on our way to St. Phillipe street. In about five minutes we were at the end of it and alighting walked towards No. 27. Holmes thought it best to leave the cab at the corner and walk thence to the house so as not to attract too much attention and possibly alarm Mr. Jacot who must now be suspicious of everyone. We

knocked at No. 27, as it had no bell, and the door was immediately opened by a neat appearing Frenchwoman. Holmes asked if he could see Mr. Jacot; the woman answered that he had left not ten minutes before for she knew not where. Holmes uttered a deep curse and left the house. He did not say a word on the way back to the house where we intended to stop and I saw that he was thinking deeply.

Let me stop this narrative for a few moments and explain a few things. I said at the beginning of this story that it was one of the most interesting cases in which I participated. It was so because it was the only case in which I materially helped Holmes. We were sitting in our room that evening, I was reading the paper and Holmes was smoking at a terrible rate; he had consumed all his own tobacco and was making a big hole in my pouch of Arcadian mixture. I saw something in the paper that caught my eye.

"What was the name of the artist we were following?" I said.

"Alphonse Jacot."

"Well just listen to this," I said, reading: "The prize of 10,000 francs offered by the Republican Art Association for the finest painting of a lion's head, open to all amateurs, was awarded to A. Jacot, who is about to start for Milan where he will continue his study of art. The prize was to have been awarded to William Green, an American, but he was shot in a gambling saloon in London last night, so the prize now goes to Jacot, whose painting received honorable mention."

Holmes rose excitedly, "Where and when is that dispatch dated?"

"Geneva, August 27, 1889."

"We are just in time," he said exultantly, "we will catch the Continental express at 10 P. M. and arrive in Geneva fifteen minutes before the first train leaves Geneva for Milan, are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then come we have no time to spare."

In a few minutes we were comfortably seated in the train bound for the Swiss capital.

"You see," said Holmes, "that device pretending to be a gambler, was very skillfully thought out and shows a man of some brains. I doubt if the Scotland Yard force could have taken him (a bit of egotism not uncommon in Holmes). When you discover that the money was what he was after you see that he was a very unscrupulous man and now, going to Milan, I think shows that he fears arrest, but we will catch him."

Arriving at Geneva we crossed the street to the depot where Jacot would have to start from if he went to Milan and in about seven minutes we saw a tall man step nervously out of the waiting-room and approach the train. Holmes went up to him and spoke, asking him for a match. The man started guiltily and as he was about to put his hand in his pocket to feel for one, Holmes slipped the handcuffs on him saying, "Alphonse Jacot, you are my prisoner charged with killing William Green."

F. H. '97.



# The Latin School Register

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Contributions are solicited from undergraduates.  
All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and cor-  
rectly written, and on one side only of the paper.

JUNE, 1895.

ONLY ONE MORE REGISTER before vacation.

WE HAVE SOME very good ball players in our nine. But there are others—in hostile nines.

THE YELLING AT the ball games is simply miserable. In this, as in some other things, the Latin School is near the foot.

WHY DOES NOT somebody in the Sixth Class contribute to the REGISTER? There are many who have all the necessary ability.

COME, FELLOWS, WHAT is the matter with you? You must give greater attendance to the ball games than you have been giving, if you want B. L. S. to win.

AT THE BEGINNING of the year we envied our neighbors in the First Battalion, for our companies were much overcrowded while their companies were just the right size. But men always drop out as the year progresses, and now our companies have the proper number of men while there are three single rank companies in the First Battalion.

EVERY SPRING FINDS us so much nearer to the time when we must leave the shelter of the Latin School. No one can look upon that moment without a pang of regret or grief. We are passing through the happiest era in our lives and it behooves us to make the best possible use of the present moments, especially since June and examinations are coming.

## "THE 1900."

EVER SINCE SCHOOL opened last fall Mr. Campbell's division of the Sixth Class has been distinguishing itself, and now it has launched forth upon the stormy sea of journalism. "The 1900" is the name of their interesting little paper, and it is a very creditable production. The April number, the first of the series, tells us what room six has been doing the present year, and has contributions from nearly all the editors.

The staff is as follows: Rich, Clarke, Field, Hovey, Kittredge, Richards, and Ward. The printer is Floyd E. Rich.

## STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

"This design is arranged for one of the side windows of Mr. Fiske's room. It represents the youthful warrior, at work upon his historical work, the Anabasis. As his faithful beast bears him o'er the arid waste of the desert, the Athenian records on his roll of papyrus the terrible battle of Cunaxa. The fierce hatred of the writer's thoughts is plainly depicted in his boyish countenance, and he seems to be giving some audible sign of his wrath, for the ass turns his eye around with an inquiring gaze, and the sun-loving lizard wonders at the excited rider. The tropic glare is strikingly represented by the general light tone of the entire composition, by the introduction of the lizard, and the ingenious treatment of the fan-shaped cap to the window. The latter has been remarked to be quite fantastic. The writer's precious edition of his beloved Homer is seen bobbing from a strap at his back. Beyond are seen two solitary palms and the thin line of the Euphrates winding its solitary way over the desert."—[Extract from the *Artist's Monthly Breeze*.

As long ago as January the boys of Room 4 organized a base ball club, of which Chester T. Greenwood is captain, and Osgood Packard Manager.

*Pupil* (Translating Homer)

—For (er) he let (er) them alone and (er) went (er) into battle.

*Teacher*—Yes, it is indeed a true saying, "To er(r) is human."



## THE HARVARD LATIN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The Harvard Latin School Association, through Mr. J. P. Warren, extended an invitation to the first class to be the guest of the Association on Thursday evening, April 25. A large number of the class gathered at Copley Square and from there went to Cambridge. At Harvard Square they were met by some of the members, who conducted them to the Delta Upsilon rooms where the meeting was to be held.

Mr. Warren called the meeting to order and the report of the last meeting was read. Merrill, B. L. S. '91, Harvard '95, made a short speech in which he outlined the work of the association and especially the work of the Library and Advisory Committees. The library is intended to furnish graduates of the Latin School who may be in Harvard with some reference books they may require during the academic course. The Advisory Committee will endeavor to assist embryo freshmen in the choice of courses for study and will give such advice and attention as may be needed. These committees will undoubtedly be of great assistance to Latin School men, since they furnish what is so often needed by college students, the advice of older and more experienced men.

Dr. Merrill read an extract from a speech by a Latin School graduate. In this particular passage the speaker mentioned the ability and democratic spirit of B. L. S., '94, now in Harvard. In a few words Dr. Merrill urged his hearers never to fall below the high standard set them by their predecessors. At the

conclusion of his remarks, that peculiar personage whose name has for several years been connected with Harvard College, John, the Orangeman, was ushered into the room. At Dr. Merrill's expense those present helped themselves from John's basket of fruit and also partook of refreshments which had been provided by the association. Moved by our headmaster's generosity, and at the earnest solicitation of the members, John consented to make a speech. He said in substance that those students who came to Harvard were all friends of his and he was a friend to them. He hoped the class of '95 would contain men who would join in the common cause of "downing Yale." The members assured us that we had been especially favored, as John very seldom condescended to make a speech. John, presuming that we were familiar with history and the classics, with the explanatory remark that he hadn't done much singing for forty or fifty years, sang in a very spirited and enthusiastic manner, "Erin-go-Bragh." The class of '95 sang their class-song and "The Party at Odd Fellows' Hall."

Urquhart read "The Poison Ivy Oration" and Fuller recited a comical piece.

The class enjoyed the visit very much and came away with a keener appreciation of the efforts which the Harvard Latin School Association is making to lessen the difficulties of college life for us and to make the Latin School a powerful factor in all departments of Harvard College.

J. A. R. '95.

## HOW TO BE A GOOD LISTENER.

In the first place it is not necessary to listen at all, after one has acquired the art of being a good listener. The modern definition of a good listener would be "One who pretends to listen and understand." Good listening consists chiefly in the utterance of interjections as "indeed" (which corresponds to the rural "I want to know"), "is it possible," "I should not have thought it," etc. In this way a good listener may keep a person talking to her for hours and not understand a word. But, after all, this method is harmless. It delights the

one who is talking, as he thinks that he has an appreciative listener, and it makes no bad impression on the one addressed, because it makes no impression at all on her. Perhaps the reader of this disclosure thinks I have not told him how to be a good listener. Just say "indeed" (which corresponds), etc., in their right places. Perhaps the reader is astonished that the word "her" should have crept into this disclosure. He will not be when he learns what was the cause, the occasion and the inspiration for this. The fact is, I have

recently tried to explain the game of base ball to a person (that is "her"), who seemed to listen well, who said "indeed" (which corresponds), etc., in their proper places, and who

kept the person talking to her (that's "me") going on for hours. But, alas! she was nothing but a good listener, according to the modern definition—*Q. I'.*

C. R. L., '95.

## The Mountain of Mystery.

GEORGE WASHINGTON FULLER.

### XVIII.

WHEN Harry regained consciousness he could not collect his thoughts for some time. Then the whole scene described in the preceding chapter came back in all its horror. He shuddered and closed his eyes. Suddenly it struck him that he was still alive. At first he had not thought that it could be so. He opened his eyes and saw a darkened room hung with draperies. He was lying on a couch, and he wondered if he had been injured. He moved his limbs carefully and was rejoiced to find them intact. Then he sat up. Immediately there came an exclamation of joy from some person hitherto unseen, a swish of garments, and the Queen bent over him.

"Queziola!" cried Harry. "You are safe! Tell me; how can it be?"

"Ah, it was all due to thy courage," replied the Queen, smoothing back the black curls from Harry's forehead. "I owe my life to thee, a debt which I can never hope to repay. When the walls were rent asunder and the ashes of Moloch fell with the body of the last High Priest of the Atlans into the fires of the mountain, several holy men, attendants of Dagon, sought out the cause of the great confusion, and, finding the rope, drew us up to a place of safety. They came but in time; for the strain had been too great, and thy strength was almost exhausted. As they seized us, to draw us into the upper rooms, thou didst faint. For a time I thought that thou hadst sacrificed thyself to save Queziola; but they assured me that thou wouldst soon revive, and I had thee conveyed to Tholpec. We are now in the royal palace, to which it was necessary that we make our way by means of a passage known only to me; for the army of the conspirators is besieging the citadel."

As she finished speaking, a servant entered and, bowing low, said:

"He has come."

"Bid him enter," commanded the Queen.

The servant withdrew, and Queziola said to Harry;

"Let this be the first deed whereby I shall endeavor to repay the debt I owe you. I must leave you."

She vanished behind a curtain, and, at the same moment, a man entered from the opposite side of the room. Harry gazed at him for a moment and then sprang from the couch, crying:

"Father!"

\* \* \* \* \*

That evening the Queen received notice that a party of officers had come, under a truce, from the revolutionist army, to seek an audience with her. She immediately repaired to a large hall at the extremity of the palace. One side of this hall was open and looked towards the *Runya Tyrrhund*; but heavy curtains were now hung between the marble columns on this side, completely shutting off the view. The Queen awaited the messengers from the enemy, seated upon a lofty throne and surrounded by a large number of her officers and body guard. The messengers came unarmed and were ten in number. Magloutlec was at their head, and among them were Alexis and Bob. They did not make the usual obeisance before the Queen, but stood with folded arms while Magloutlec stepped forward and cried:

"We have come to learn thy mind in this matter, Queziola. Thou didst indeed outwit us once; but naught can save thee now. The citadel is besieged by our army, and food cannot last long among thy men. We have only to wait until thy hosts become too weak, from lack of food, to lift their spears."

"That time will never come," replied Queziola. "I am the last monarch who shall press the throne of the Atlans. Let it be



known to thee, that which has come to pass, even as saith the great prophecies of the seven cities. The ashes of Molocl have been scattered, the shrines of the *Runya Tyrrhund* are destroyed, and Dagon the immortal is dead !”

A murmur of surprise swept through the hall, and Magloutlec hissed :

“Is this thy work, enchantress, demon ! or dost thou lie ?”

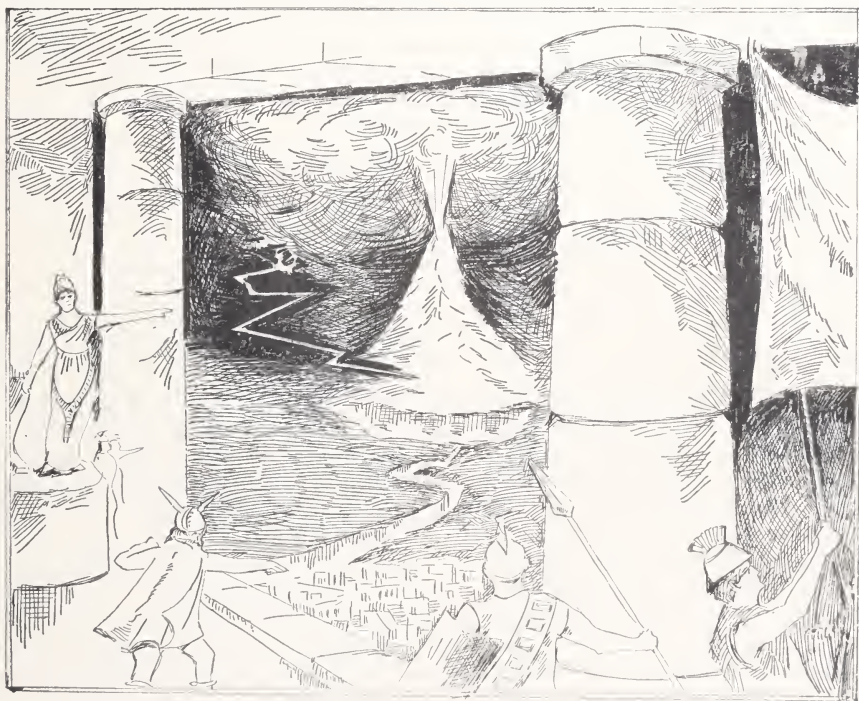
At this, exclamations of indignation arose from the nobles clustered around the throne, and many swords flashed from their scabbards.

“Forbear, my lords,” said Queziola, calmly ;

Molocl and the body of Dagon. It was by a miracle that I escaped the same fate. This was only a few hours ago. The fires are rising fast, and before morning thou shalt see what is the will of the gods.”

Her words produced some commotion among the listeners ; but it was evident that even her own nobles looked upon the declaration as a bold trick intended to disconcert her enemies. Magloutlec gave vent to a scornful laugh and cried :

“Very eloquent ; but wilt thou explain how thou didst leave and return to the palace, when all approach is cut off by my army ?”



then to Magloutlec, “It is indeed true, too true, as thou wilt find. Angered at the strife among us, which thou didst arouse, the gods have set their inevitable vengeance upon this generation. The words of the ancient prophecy foretell our destruction, when the throne of the Atlans shall totter and the *Runya Tyrrhund* nourish fire in its bosom. For many suns has the throne been fair to fall, and now even the last portion of the prophecy is fulfilled. The slumbering fires have awakened and now possess the heart of the sacred mountain. I have looked upon them with these eyes. I saw them engulf the ashes of

“By a way known only to the royal family. I will not inform thee of its situation,” retorted Queziola.

“Cleverly parried, a very fountain of wit !” and Magloutlec turned laughingly to his companions.

Just then a man robed as a priest of the Sun entered the hall. He was pale and haggard and his black robes were wet and torn. The throng fell back before him ; but the Queen arose, with one hand grasping the massive throne and her eyes fixed upon the man. She extended her arm, as if in question. The priest bowed and then fell pro-



trate upon the pavement. Still standing upon the steps of the throne, Queziola cried, in a clear, ringing voice:

"Magloutlec, the hour has come sooner than I expected. Fix your eyes upon the sacred mountain and tell me if I lie! Men, tear down those curtains!"

The soldiers pulled aside the heavy curtains which had until now formed one side of the hall, and all looked out across the city lying far below to where the lofty peak of the Mountain of Mystery towered on high. The night was dark, but a strange glow lit up the sky, and the noise of distant thunder was audible. Suddenly from the summit of the mountain arose a broad sheet of fire. The sky became lurid and flashes of lightning darted among the clouds. The thunders redoubled, and the earth seemed to tremble. In several places, bright streams of lava burst from the mountain sides and fell into the lake beneath. Confused shouts and cries of terror arose from the city, and a wail of despair swept through the throng in the hall. Above the screams and confusion rose the voice of Queziola:

"The days of our race are fulfilled. I am the last Queen of the Atlans!"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

During that night and the following day pandemonium reigned supreme in Tholpec. Foes were foes no longer. Sword and shield were cast aside, and crowds of men and women ran through the streets, uttering lamentations, wringing their hands, and praying for the Sun to appear. But their cherished divinity never shone again upon the altars of the Atlans. The sky was shrouded in a pall of dark ashes, which effectually shut off the rays of the sun and turned the day into night. The river began to dry up, and what water remained was rendered unfit to drink by sulphur. Down the empty water courses, hissing streams of lava began to creep towards the city. Some, still hopeful, hastily constructed dams, to turn aside the burning floods. Others gave up to despair, and took their own lives. Meanwhile, the *Runya Tyrrhund* continued to hurl forth destruction with increased fierceness. As the gloom became greater, all cries ceased. Men worked feverishly, bent on their futile labors, or wandered aimlessly through the streets.

In a chamber of the royal palace, a little group discussed the situation. It consisted

of Harry, his father, Alexis and Bob. The latter two Harry had succeeded in detaining after Magloutlec had departed with his companions the previous night. Now that all were reunited and the object of their journey accomplished in the recovery of John Rivers, it seemed that they should make an attempt to leave this place. It was very evident that the complete annihilation of the inhabitants must result from the eruption of the *Runya Tyrrhund*, even if it were not of long duration. Sufficient damage had already been done. But they were now in doubt as to whether Queziola would consent to escape with them, or even to let them go away with the knowledge they possessed. Finally they determined to boldly ask her. Hardly had this been agreed upon, when Queziola entered. She perceived their perplexed faces and asked:

"My friends, what is your will?"

"O Queen," said Harry, "my companions and I have been thinking of several things of interest to both you and us. We have now been brought together again and I have found my father, to rescue whom I traveled hither. If this great misfortune had not befallen your country, we might have been content to pass the rest of our lives here; but now all of your people must perish, and we wish to return to our native land, as we have no ties to bind us here. This, however, is not all. We desire to save you from an unworthy fate. Leave Tholpec with us and live among our people—"

"Hold, my friend," interrupted Queziola, with an impatient gesture. "It would ill befit me to leave my country in the hour of her destruction. I cannot go. I am Queen of the Atlans, and so shall remain until I die, and, dying, I shall share the fate of my people. But I respect you all, my friends, and I thank you. Especially do I honor thee, son of the White Magician yonder; for thou hast proven thyself the bravest of men. Much do I owe thee, and therefore I bid thee depart with thy companions. The curse which must fall upon the Atlans need not envelop thee also."

"But why sacrifice yourself thus?"

"My determination is unbending. I will hear no more of this. Be content that thou shalt escape, and let not the safety of Queziola trouble thee." She paused a moment on the threshold and cast her eyes slowly over the

little group, with a lingering look, and then said softly :

"I must ask you to remain here a few hours until preparations have been made." She hesitated a moment, and then continued sadly : "When you are among your friends, and in your homes in that far away land of which you have told me, I ask that you may sometimes think of unhappy Queziola, not as the persecuted Queen of the Atlans, but as a woman, a dear acquaintance, who entered your lives and passed therefrom even as a bright bird floats for a short time around the warm, autumnal sky and then is gone forever."

As she finished, she turned and was lost to view behind the curtains which concealed the doorway.

That was the last that Harry and his companions saw of Queziola. Soon a servant

entered and placed refreshments before them. He also lighted the omnipresent tripod and placed some fragrant incense upon it. Our friends had become quite familiar with this custom and paid no attention to the thin, white smoke and its rich odor. In a short time, however, they became sleepy and could scarcely keep their eyes open. Yet it did not appear strange to them, and even when Alexis fell back and commenced breathing heavily, Harry observed it without any surprise. The fumes that filled the room had completely deadened his senses, and his mind had become a blank, to which no thought presented itself. One by one the men succumbed to the fumes, until all lay senseless upon the marble floor of the place, and there was a deathly silence. Still the tripod spluttered and threw out its baneful smoke.

(To be continued.)

## A Canadian Surveyor's Story.

THE surveyor had been reading aloud how the dismayed brig *Hesperus* had been saved from destruction. "You don't believe it," he said, noticing our incredulity. "I do, however, and I'll tell you why. A few years ago I helped to try the experiment in a small way, and I succeeded in getting out of danger by it. Tell the story? Well, there's not much to tell, but here goes," and he related the following story to us.

"When I was a chain-bearer and Charley Thompson another, we were both employed by a large party engaged in making a geographical survey between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods. On a certain November afternoon we stood on a hill not far from Lake Shebandowan, waiting for our chief, Mr. Morgan.

"There wasn't the sign of a house to be seen in any part of the great landscape, nothing but gray rock, gray water and the fringe of stunted pine trees. Loud cries in English, French and Ojibway, from our own boatmen, as well as the other crews, came to our ears. The longer we delayed, the louder and angrier the cries became.

"It's the wind that's making them uneasy, and it is getting up in fine style. Come, boys, let's make for the boats, the camp's a good

twelve miles away, and the wind is dead against us."

"We found that the Indians wished us to leave our canoe behind and take passage with them, an invitation which we scouted. Charley and I had been bragging that we could take the skiff through any water that the fifty-foot canoes could live in, and Morgan was not enough afraid of the water to back out of his share of the trip.

"Getting the skiff afloat was an unpleasant piece of business. Charley and I took our positions on opposite sides near the bow, while Morgan stalked behind, carrying his theodolite and a large can of red paint. As he tried to step in at the stern, the bow jumped way up in the air. He tried to steady her with his paddle while we got in on opposite sides. Fortunately we had taken room to drift, and after shipping a little more water, we succeeded in getting her head round to the wind.

"The danger was that we might be suddenly swamped, and this became imminent when we had gone a little more than half way. In spite of Morgan's skill with the paddle, a wave got a slap at us and tumbled heavily on board. Morgan, baling-can in one hand and paddle in the other, seeing the other waves coming, yelled to us to lighten the canoe.

"The chief's theodolite was the only heavy thing on board, and over it went. This gave her the necessary buoyancy, and with a little more baling we were once more clear of the danger.

"To reach camp seemed impossible; to run sideways to the island would certainly have swamped us; nothing seemed open to us but to back water and run before the wind. Just then Morgan hit upon his Great Scheme!

"You remember the paint-pail, it was lying in the bottom of the canoe, between Charley's legs. Morgan suddenly grabbed it. 'Jumping Jehosaphat!' he exclaimed, 'I've got an idea. This will give us smooth water.' We thought he had lost his senses. 'Don't you understand?' he cried, 'this will do the business, unless sailors have been stuffing newspaper men a great deal lately.'

"Now," he said to me, 'get up in the bow and hang this on a stick, and shove it as far out as you can. You understand?' I nodded. 'Here goes then,' he cried, and he jabbed his

knife through the pail, and at once passed the rig up to me. Scarcely had the oil made a show when a big breaker came tumbling upon us, tearing its ridge off in sheets. And behold! as we rose on the height, the crest had vanished! With a smooth swing we went easily aloft, over what was now no more than a big billow.

"Give that rod a hitch to the wind'ard when we turn," said Morgan, 'we can run across seas while the oil lasts.' The new experiment was also a complete success.

"You cannot conceive the astonishment of the Indians, who were lying in the lee of an island, when they saw us come rushing across that tremendous sea. They could make out the rod with the nearly empty pail hanging on it, but they could not see its effect. They thought 'Big Medicine' had saved us, and they maintained that 'Big Medicine' had preserved us, even though we hauled our skiff upon the island and took passage for home with them.

JANUS, '97.

## THE WOOD AT NIGHT.

How gloomy is the wood at night! how dim!

What strange fantastic forms the branches make!

How every gaunt and sighing, swaying limb,  
And every shrub, and every swinging brake,  
All mingle in the moaning, midnight hymn.

While zephyrs through the woods their murmurs  
make.

What mystery, what silence! save the moan

Of that low chorus of the forest song;

That solemn chant, that dull and dreary tone,  
Monotonous, mysterious and long.

Oh, when is man so utterly alone

As when he is amid the woodland throng?

Who doubts that there be spirits in the wood?

If any, to the forest go at eve;

And, when till midnight you alone have stood,  
Where branches, vines and tangles interweave,

The fancies weird you will have understood,  
And will in fays and forest elves believe.

What strange and mystic beings seem to rise

From out the black and empty looking space;

And creatures of enormous, wondrous size  
Seem to be gathered all around the place;

And startling are the lights of fire-flies

A-flitting here and thither in the chase.

Each tree seems like a giant, tall and gaunt,

Each bush a dwarf, and every flower a gnome;

Each little vale some strangely-peopled haunt,

Each mound some tiny, wilful wood-sprite's home.

By day there is but little him can daunt

Who cares at night amid the woods to roam.

H. S. B., '98.

## HOPKINSON 6, BOSTON LATIN 5.

It took Hopkinson twelve innings to defeat our team in a very interesting game. Both nines seemed inclined to get rattled at the critical points of the game. In the eighth inning our team seemed to have fallen into a trance and by the time they came to their

senses, Hoppy had tied the score. Nevertheless there were some brilliant plays to offset this. Gillis in the eleventh inning made a pretty double play. Maguire's catch of Davis' high throw was fine.

Latin started off with Gillis at the bat. He



got his base on balls, stole second, and scored on passed balls by Holden. Foster fled out and Robinson was out on strikes. For "Hoppy," Adams was hit by a pitched ball and Dickson struck out, and Sargent got first on an error. Score, B. L. S. 1, Hoppy 1.

Boston Latin made one run in the second on sacrifices by Maguire and Davis and Jameson's single. Hopkinson failed to score after the first inning until the eighth. In the third inning Gillis got his base on an error, Newton singled, and Foster sacrificed, Gillis scoring his second run of the game. Newton scored on a passed ball. Robinson got his base on balls but was put out at second on a double play by Adams. Score: B. L. S., 4; Hopkinson 1.

In the fourth Davis made a pretty single, stole second and third, and came home on Jameson's sacrifice. B. L. S., 5; "Hoppy" 1. Neither team scored until the last of the twelfth when "Hoppy" scored the winning run.

A word of praise must be spoken for some members of the team who played with good judgment. Foster pitched a great game, striking out nine men. Newton showed his ability to play first base in good style, and Jameson in center was a great success in center field. He made a good hit and fielded excellently. Davis put up a fine game, both behind the bat and in running bases.

The score :

B. L. S.		AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Gillis 3.....	5	2	0	1	5	4	
Newton 1.....	4	1	1	16	1	0	
Foster p.....	5	0	0	2	7	0	
Robinson s.....	4	0	0	2	2	5	
Maguire 2.....	5	1	0	4	6	3	
Lane 1.....	5	0	0	0	0	0	
Davis c.....	4	1	1	8	0	1	
Buffard r.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	
Jameson m.....	5	0	2	2	0	0	
Total.....	40	5	4	34	17	12	

#### HOPKINSON.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Adams 3.....	6	2	0	2	5	0
Dickson s.....	7	0	2	4	3	3
Sargent p.....	6	0	1	1	3	0
Holden c.....	4	0	1	7	2	2
Hallowell 1.....	5	0	1	5	0	0
Cole r.....	5	2	1	0	0	0
Barstow 3.....	6	0	1	0	0	0
Hopkins 2.....	4	1	0	2	3	0
Lothrop 1.....	5	1	0	15	0	0
Total.....	48	6	7	36	16	5

C. M., '95.

Room 6 has won the base-ball championship of the sixth class by defeating Room 1, 28 to 8, and Room 4, 21 to 7.

#### SCORES OF PRACTICE GAMES.

April 6.....	B. L. S. 6	Dean Academy 8
April 10.....	B. L. S. 28	Milton Academy 2
April 13.....	B. L. S. 2	Groton School 12
April 20.....	B. L. S. 0	Andover 28
April 24.....	B. L. S. 11	St. Mark's School 25
April 27.....	B. L. S. 3	Exeter 12

Although our team has beaten only once in the above games, its playing has been better than the score seems to indicate. At Dean Academy, our first game, we lost through very poor batting. Also, at Andover the batting was very poor, but there the whole team went to pieces, so to speak, except the battery, who have done excellent work at all of the games. The batting of our boys is still their weak spot, and it is hoped that they will improve in that respect especially. Let us give them even better support than any other school gives its team, especially by attending in full numbers the interscholastic games:

Somerville vs. B. L. S., May 8.

Rox. Latin vs. B. L. S., May 18.

Cambridge H. & L. vs. B. L. S., May 25.

E. H. S. vs. B. L. S., May 31.

H. C. T., Mgr.

#### OUTDOOR MEET.

At the B. A. A. rooms, a meeting of the representatives of the schools which are to compete, was held May 2. The Lynn High and Mechanical Arts High Schools applied for admission and after a long debate were both admitted.

The English High School proposed three standing jumps but the motion was defeated. A motion was proposed by Cushing Academy, that the age limit of twenty-one years be extended. This motion was also defeated after a heated discussion. The date of the outdoor meet was decided subject to approval by executive committee. It will be held June 1, 1895.

C. M. '95.

#### HARVARD NOTES.

J. P. Warren is to speak for the Bowdoin prize.

E. L. Logan, major in '94, has become a member of the Harvard Rifles.

S. Robinson, B. L. S. '94, Harvard '98, has returned from a trip to the South.

M. J. Cuniuff B. L. S. '94, Harvard '98, is entered in the Harvard-Vale games.

J. R. McVey, B. L. S. '94, Harvard '98, was given a trial at third base on the Varsity recently.

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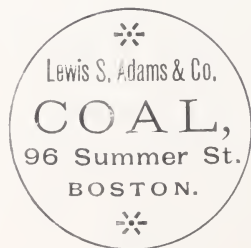
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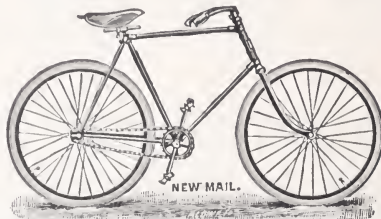


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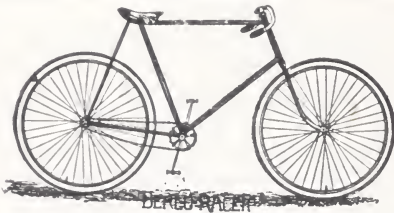
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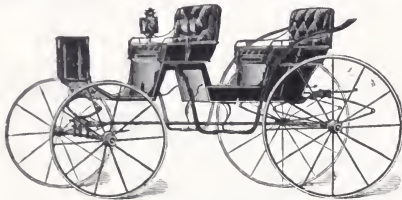
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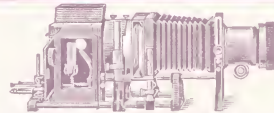
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